DIVINE AND MORAL

SONGS.

By ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

For the use of Children.

DEAL:

Printed and Sold by

T. HAYWARD, LOWER STREET.

1847.

John W. Eastes
June 7/76

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;

That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

DIVINE

AND

MORAL SONGS,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

A NEW EDITION.

Printed, and Sold by T. Hayward, Deal,

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1847.

THE

Following Popular School Books,

may be had of T. HAYWARD, DEAL, of the Publishers in London, and also of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

The Youth's Best Friend,

Or, Reading no longer a Task;

BY A

Fellow of the Royal Society,

Progressively arranged, and adapted to Children of the meanest capacity.

Embellished with upwards of 200 Engravings, price 1s. 6d.

NEATLY HALF-BOUND.

The Youth's Guide;

Adapted to the use of Schools, containing a variety of original Reading and Spelling Lessons,

BY A GENTLEMAN;

Embellished with numerous Engravings, price 1s. half-bound.

The Child's Instructor;

Intended as a First Book for Children, embellished with superior Engravings, a New Edition, price 6d. half-bound.

The Infant's Companion;

a Book for the Instruction of Children, with Engravings.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

SONG 1.

A general Song of Praise to God.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace:
Not men below, nor saints who dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring;

Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG 2.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I Sing th' Almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG 3.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

Blest be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in counsel to restore,
And sav'd our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought,
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd,
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him raised on high;
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains,
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgement come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear,
Before the Judge's face;
And with the blest assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

SONG 4.

Praise for Mercies Temporal and Spiritual.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me.

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
Half naked I behold;
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

SONG 5.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

Great God to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I will begin my life with praise,
'Till growing years improve my song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on christian ground;
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns:
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord!
Kindle my hopes, and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word,
Warn me to escape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath.
Since thou hast marked my way to heav'n
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

SONG 6.

Praise for the Gospel.

Lord I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as many do
That I was born of christian race,
And not a heathen, or a jew.

What would the ancient jewish kings,
And jewish prophets once have giv'n
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n.

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known.

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the gentiles and the jews,
Against me will in judgement rise.

SONG 7.

The Excellency of the Bible.

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;

But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read thy wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG 8.

Praise to God for Instruction.

The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell.

Dear Lord, this book of thine,
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn
How Christ the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down,
To shew the wonders of his love
And make his Gospel known.

O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG 9.

The all seeing God.

Almighty God! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgement day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the Son,
While men and angels hear?

Lord! at thy feet ashamed I lie
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And cleanse me from my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

SONG 10.

Solemn thoughts of God and Death.

There is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a Law which he has writ
To teach us all that we must do:
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a Gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy Law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

Just as the tree cut down, that fell
To North or Southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG 11.

Heaven and Hell.

There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to heav'n ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to day,
And sent to eternal death.

SONG 12.

The Advantages of Early Religion.

Happy the child whose tender years,
Receives instruction well:
Who hates the sinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign,
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG 13.

The Danger of Delay.

Why should I say, "'Tis yet to soon
To seek for heav'n or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day.

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place.

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God;
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG 14.

Examples of Early Piety.

What blest examples do I find
Writ in the Word of Truth,
Of children who began to mind
Religion in their youth

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's Law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name:
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord,
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

SONG 15.

Against Lying.

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust, [true;
Though they should speak the thing that's
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong,
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell;
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

SONG 16.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father, too

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG 17.

Love to Brothers and Sisters.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
They are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs, and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another,
So wicked Cain was hurried on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG 18.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother, fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord may cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go,

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG 19.

Against Swearing and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.

Angels that high in glory dwell
  Adore thy name, Almighty God ;
And devils tremble down in hell,
  Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
  Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
  And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

How will they stand before thy face
  Who treated thee with such disdain,
Whilst thou shalt doom them to that place
  Of everlasting fire and pain.

Then never shall one cooling drop
  To quench their burning tongues be giv'n,
But I will praise thee here, and hope
  Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
  Wretches affront the Lord, above :
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear ;
  That heav'nly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
  I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
  And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG 20.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor, or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account, at last.

SONG 21.

Against Evil Company.

Why should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names, and fight.

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes:
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SONG 22.

Against Pride in Clothes.

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride;
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
'Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet, her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep, and silk-worm wore
That very clothing, long before.

The tulip, and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge, and virtue, truth, and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel, too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth should I appear,
Then go to heav'n, and wear it there,
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG 23.

Obedience to Parents.

Let children that would fear the Lord
  Hear what their teachers say,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
  And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
  Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
  Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
  How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
  And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
  Their parents honor, due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
  And live hereafter, too.

SONG 24.

The Child's Complaint.

Why should I love my sports so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will,
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey Thee still?

How senseless is my heart and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,
Since God will lend a gracious ear,
To what a Child can say.

SONG 25.

A Morning Song.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the East,
His morning race begins;
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord! thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG 26.

An Evening Song.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep:
Let angels guard my head,
And thro' the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I'll close m yeyes,
Since thou wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG 27.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell!
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke
And love my sins so well?

To day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word;
And I would go with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

SONG 28.

For the Lord's Day Evening.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

Out of the Old Testament, put into short Rhyme.

Exodus, Chap. xx.

1 Thou shalt have no more Gods but me,
2 Before no Idol bow thy knee.

3 Take not the name of God in vain.
4 Nor dare the sabbath day profane.

5 Give both thy parents honour due;
6 Take heed that thou no murder do.

7 Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
8 Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.

9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it;
10 What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS,

Out of the New Testament.

Matthew, Chap. xvii. 37.

With all thy soul love God above;
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Matthew, Chap. vii. 12.

Be thou to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and your Neighbour.

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

THE HOSANNAH,

Or Salvation ascribed to Christ.

LONG METRE.

Hosanna to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne!
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

COMMON METRE.

Hosanna to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

Hosanna to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

To Christ the anointed king,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

Glory to the Father, and the Son, &c.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son ;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS.

SONG 1.

A Cradle Hymn.

Hush ! my dear, lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heav'nly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep my babe, thy [illegible] food and raiment,
House and [illegible] home thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features!
Spotless fair! divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight.

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft my child! I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might be too hard:
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See, the kinder Shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky:
Where they sought him there they found him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing,
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo! he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
Can to greater joys aspire.

SONG 2.

The Thief.

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder, or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us,
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit.

Oft we see a young beginner,
Practice little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I steal what is not given
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

SONG 3.

The Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard: I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again:"
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher;

The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit—still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
But scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

SONG 4.

A Summer's Evening.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the Sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!

Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes near to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

SONG 5.

Innocent Play.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams

With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud
Or dogs we might play till it ended in blood
So foul and so fierce are their natures;
But Thomas, and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs.
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say
Should injure another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire,
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you 'Tis all but in sport.

SONG 6.

The Rose.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost.
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the Rose;

Yet all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

SONG 7.

The Ant or Emmet.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern;
Yet, wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms.
One would think they foresaw all the frost and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping
ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall
want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be at the end of my
days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth
are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness
shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe and
obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage
of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

SONG 8.

Good Resolutions.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what will befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness:
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn nor rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing;

Since I best revenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What, tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me:
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Tho' it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

SELECT PIECES.

The Blind Boy.

O say, what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see
You say the sun shines bright:
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play:
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although, a poor blind boy.

The Beggar's Petition.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor,
Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heav'n sends misfortunes, why should we repine? [see
'Tis heav'n has brought me to the state you
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn!

My daughter once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,

Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell ling'ring, fell a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span
Oh! give relief and heaven will bless your store.

Dr. Watts's First Catechism.

Q. Can you tell me, Child, who made you?

A. The great God who made heaven and earth

Q. What doth God do for you?

A. He keeps me from harm, by night and by day, and is always doing me good.

Q. What must you do for this great God, who is so good to you?

A. I must learn to know him first, and then I must do every thing to please him.

Q. Where doth God teach us to know him, and to please him?

A. In his holy word, which is contained in the Bible.

Q. Have you learnt to know who God is?

A. God is a spirit; and though we cannot see him, yet he sees and knows all things, and can do all things.

Q. What must you do to please God?

A. I must do my duty both toward God and toward man.

Q. What is your duty to God?

A. My duty to God is to fear and honor him, to love and serve him, to pray to him, and to praise him.

Q. What is your duty to Man?

A. My duty to Man is, to obey my parents, to speak the truth always, and to be honest and kind to all.

Q. What good do you hope for by seeking to please God.?

A. Then I shall be a child of God, and have God for my father and friend for ever.

Q. And what if you do not fear God, nor love him, nor seek to please him?

A. Then I shall be a wicked child, and the great God will be very angry with me.

Q. Why are you afraid of God's anger?

A. Because he can kill my body, and make my soul miserable after my body is dead.

Q. But have you never done anything to make God angry with you already?

A. Yes, I fear I have too often sinned against God and deserved his anger.

Q. What do you mean by sinning against God

A. To sin against God is to do any thing that God forbids me, or not to do what God commands me.

Q. *And what must you do to be saved from the anger of God, which your sins have deserved?*

A. I must be sorry for my sins: I must pray to God to forgive me what is past, and serve him better for the time to come.

Q. *Will God forgive you if you pray for it?*

A. I hope he will forgive me, if I trust in his mercy for the sake of what Jesus Christ has done, and what he has suffered.

Q. *Do you know who Jesus Christ is?*

A. He is God's own Son, who came down from Heaven, to save us from our sins, and from God's anger.

Q. *What has Christ done towards the saving of men?*

A. He obeyed the law of God himself, and has taught us to obey it also.

Q. *What has Christ suffered in order to save men?*

A. He died for sinners, who had broke the law of God, and deserved to die themselves.

Q. *Where is Jesus Christ now?*

A. He is alive again, and gone to heaven, to provide a place there for all that serve God and love his son Jesus.

Q. *Can you of yourself love and serve God and Christ?*

A. No, I cannot do it of myself, but God will help me by his own Spirit, if I ask him for it.

Q. *Will Jesus Christ ever come again?*

A. Christ will come again and call me and all the world to account for what we have done.

Q. *For what purpose is this account to be given*

A. That the children of God as well as the wicked may all receive according to their works

Q. *What must become of you if you are wicked?*

A. If I am wicked I shall be sent down to everlasting fire in hell, among wicked and miserable creatures.

Q. *And whither shall you go if you are a child of God?*

A. If I am a child of God, I shall be taken up to heaven, and dwell there with God and Christ for ever. *Amen.*

Catechism of Scripture Names,

IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Q. *WHO was Jesus Christ?*

A. The Son of God and the Saviour of men.

Q. *Who was the Virgin Mary?*

A. The mother of Jesus Christ.

Q. *Who was Joseph the Carpenter?*

A. The supposed father of Christ, because he married his mother.

Q. *Who were the Jews?*

A. The family of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and God chose them for his own people.

Q. *Who were the Gentiles?*

A. All the nations besides the Jews.

Q. *Who was Cæsar?*

A. The emperor of Rome, and the ruler of the world.

Q. *Who was Herod the Great?*

A. King of Judea, who killed all the children in a town, in hopes to kill Christ.

Q. *Who was John the Baptist?*

A. The prophet who told the Jews that Christ was come.

Q. *Who was the other Herod?*

A. The king of Galilee, who cut off John the Baptist's head.

Q. *Who were the disciples of Christ?*

A. Those who learned of him as their master.

Q. *Who was Nathaniel?*

A. A disciple of Christ & a man without guile

Q. *Who was Nicodemus?*

A. The fearful disciple who came to Jesus by night.

Q. *Who was Mary Magdalene?*

A. A great sinner who washed Christ's feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair.

Q. *Who was Lazarus?*

A. A friend of Christ's whom he raised to life when he had been dead four days,

Q. *Who was Martha?*

A. Lazarus's sister who was cumbered too much in making a feast for Christ.

Q. *Who was Mary the sister of Martha?*

A. The woman who chose the better part, and heard Jesus preach.

Q. *Who were the Apostles?*

A. Those disciples whom Christ chose for the chief ministers of the Gospel.

Q. *Who was Simon Peter?*

A. The apostle who denied Christ & repented

Q. *Who was John?*

A. The beloved apostle who leaned on the bosom of Christ.

Q. *Who was Thomas?*

A. The apostle who was hard to be persuaded that Christ rose from the dead.

Q. *Who was Judas?*

A. The wicked disciple who betrayed Christ with a kiss.

Q. *Who was Caiaphas?*

A. The high priest who condemned Christ.

Q. *Who was Pontius Pilate?*

A. The governor of Judea who ordered Christ to be crucified.

Q. *Who was Joseph of Arimathea?*

A. A rich man who buried Christ in his own tomb.

Q. *Who were the four Evangelists?*

A. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who wrote the history of Christ's life and death.

Q. *Who were Ananias and Sapphira?*

A. A man and his wife who were struck dead for telling a lie.

Q. *Who was Stephen?*

A. The first man who was put to death for Christ's sake.

Q. *Who was Paul?*

A. A young man who was first a persecutor and afterwards an apostle of Christ.

Q. *Who was Dorcas?*

A. A good woman who made clothes for the poor, and she was raised from the dead.

Q. *Who was Elymas?*

A. A wicked man who was struck blind for speaking against the Gospel.

Q. *Who was Apollos?*

A. A warm and lively preacher of the gospel.

Q. *Who was Eutychus?*

A. A youth who slept at sermon, and falling down was taken up dead.

Q. *Who was Timothy?*

A. A young minister who knew the scriptures from his youth.

Q. *Who was Agrippa?*

A. A king who was almost persuaded to be a Christian.

FINIS.

HAYWARD, PRINTER, DEAL.

THE

FOLLOWING POPULAR SCHOOL BOOKS

May be had of T. HAYWARD, DEAL; of the Publishers in London, and of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

The Youth's Best Friend

Or Reading no longer a task, by a Fellow of the Royal Society, embellished with 200 Engravings. *Price* 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Youth's Guide,

Containing a variety of original Reading and Spelling Lessons, Neatly embellished with numerous Engravings. By a Gentleman.

Price One Shilling.

The Child's Instructor,

Intended as a First Book for Children, embellished with superior Engravings. *Price* 6*d.*

THE

Infant's Companion,

For the Instruction of Children, with numerous Engravings. *Price Threepence.*

P9-BMD-806